

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.
Copyright, 1900, by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY.



THE
IMMORAL
WOMAN
A NEW PLAY.
from the sewers of Paris
BEWITCHING GOWNS.
ALLURING SCENES
PRODUCED
BY
THE JEW SYNDICATE

THE DRAMA.
AS WE GET IT IN NEW YORK.

OLD POINT COMFORT, RICHMOND, AND WASHINGTON.

Six-Day Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The third of the present series of personally-conducted tours to Old Point Comfort, Richmond, and Washington, via the Pennsylvania Railroad, will leave New York and Philadelphia on Saturday, March 31. Tourists will find these three places of great interest and at the height of their Lenten season, Old Point Comfort especially being sought by those wishing to enjoy the early Spring season.

Tickets, including transportation, meals en route in both directions, transfers of passengers and baggage, hotel accommodations at Old Point Comfort, Richmond, and Washington, and carriage ride about Richmond—in fact, every necessary expense for a period of six days—will be sold at rate of \$34.00 from New York, Brooklyn, and Newark; \$32.50 from Trenton; \$31.00 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other stations.

OLD POINT COMFORT ONLY.

Tickets to Old Point Comfort only, including luncheon on going trip, one and three-fourths days' board at that place, and good to return direct by regular trains within six days, will be sold in connection with this tour at rate of \$15.00 from New York; \$13.50 from Trenton; \$12.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1186 Broadway, New York; 4 Court Street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.; or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.



Londonderry

IS FOUND ON EVERY WELL APPOINTED TABLE

Pears'

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears' the soap that clears but not excoriates

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

Taken from Life

(Verses and Pictures)



Seventh Thousand

Size, 4 1/4 x 6 1/4; Binding, boards stamped in gold (club style); Pages, 146; Daintily illustrated. Price, 75 cents. Full flexible leather, \$1.50.

DOUBLEDAY & McCLURE CO.

141-155 East 25th Street, N. Y.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

EDITED BY
CASPAR WHITNEY

OUTING For 1900

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF SPORT, TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED

Every Branch of Sport Discussed by Experts. Special Comment by Recognized Authorities. Tales of Travel and Adventure by the most Entertaining and Instructive

SOME OF THE CONTRIBUTORS TO THE NEW OUTING: Rudyard Kipling, Gen. Leonard Wood, Frederic Remington, John Fox, Jr., Richard Harding Davis, Paul Leicester Ford, Gilbert Parker, W. A. Fraser, F. C. Selous, E. T. D. Chambers, H. P. Wells, W. P. Stephens, Walter Camp, Gov. Theodore Roosevelt, Ernest Seron-Thompson, Henry Savage Landor, Owen Wister, C. Grant La Farge, Charles F. Lummis, C. H. Shinn, David Gray, T. S. Van Dyke, Dean Sage, Dr. D. G. Elliot, Paul Du Chailu, Jesse Lynch Williams, L. P. C. Astley, W. B. Curtis, A. B. Frost, Howard Pyle, Walter Appleton Clark, Edward Penfield.

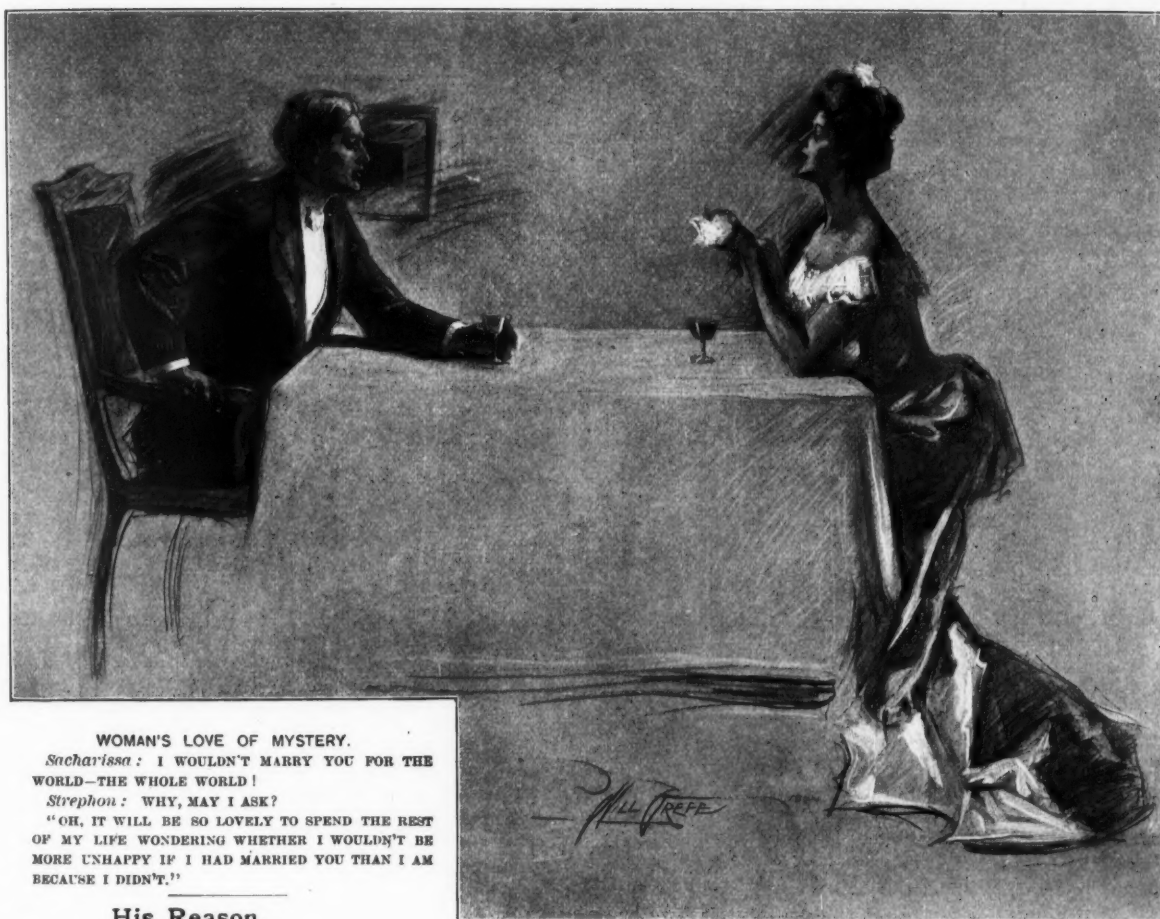
THE APRIL NUMBER, among other interesting articles, OFFERS an ADVENTURE of the NORTHWEST by W. A. FRASER; a HUNT for the rare BIG HORN of the COLORADO DESERT by E. E. HOWLERS; a CRITICISM of AMERICAN RACQUETS and TENNIS by the CHAMPION, E. H. MILES; a REVIEW of the WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB DOG SHOW by L. P. C. ASTLEY; the world renowned Bench Judge; a discussion of FORM in GOLF by HARRY VARDON, the Open Champion of England; and a POEM of WESTERN FLAVOR by ERNEST SERON-THOMPSON.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER COPY

THE OUTING PUBLISHING COMPANY

239 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

•LIFE•



WOMAN'S LOVE OF MYSTERY.

Sacharissa: I WOULDN'T MARRY YOU FOR THE WORLD—THE WHOLE WORLD!

Strephon: WHY, MAY I ASK?

"OH, IT WILL BE SO LOVELY TO SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE WONDERING WHETHER I WOULDN'T BE MORE UNHAPPY IF I HAD MARRIED YOU THAN I AM BECAUSE I DIDN'T."

His Reason.

"YOU are home early."

Mrs. Von Blumer glanced from the clock to her husband in some surprise, as the latter came in, kissed her quietly, sat down and drummed nervously on the table with his fingers. He bore the air of a man who was not only about to go into battle, but who had prepared himself for the worst.

"Yes, I am home early," he said, promptly plunging into his argument, "and I came for a particular purpose. There's a little stag dinner on for to-night, and I am going."

Mrs. Von Blumer broke off somewhat viciously the thread she had been holding between her pretty teeth, as she replied in defensive anticipation:

"Well, what of it?"

"It's going to be one of the finest dinners we ever had," said Von Blumer. "Some of my old friends, whom I haven't seen for a long time, will be there, and I expect to have a great time. Still, I —"

Mrs. Von Blumer's lips came together firmly, and she rose and faced him.

"I know what you mean," she said, sternly. "You are just going in for a regular man's time of it. You will drink too much and come home at almost any hour of the morning, and now, like a miserable sneak, you are trying to excuse yourself beforehand."

Von Blumer rose and faced her.

"You are wrong," he said, without a quaver. "I propose, as you say, to go to that dinner, and to hold my end up with the boys if I don't get home until the church bells are ringing. But I didn't take two hours away from a valuable business this afternoon to come home and make any excuses. I am going to have a good time to-night, without a cloud on the horizon, and I came home early, madam, to listen to what you have to say in advance, so that to-morrow morning I can take my much-needed rest without annoyance or interruption."

Tom Masson.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXXV. MARCH 29, 1900. No. 906.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.

The illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted, and are not to be reproduced without special arrangement with the publishers.

Prompt notification should be sent by subscribers of any change of address.



MR. RICHARD OLNEY'S discourse in the *Atlantic Monthly* about the great feat of Canton statesmanship which brought us the

Philippine Islands, goes far to explain why apologists like Senator Lodge and Senator Beveridge dwell with so much rhetorical enthusiasm on the richness of those possessions and their bright promise as a source of wealth. There is coming—coming very soon—a time when voters will ask to see the ledgers in which the business records of our enterprises in the East are kept, and will busy themselves with computations concerning profit and loss. Now, irrespective of the wear and tear on our feelings and moral sense which the assimilation of the Philippines has induced, the pecuniary outlay has been very considerable. It is computed that we spent one hundred and sixty-four million dollars in fighting Aguinaldo in 1899, and will spend not less than one hundred million dollars this present year in continuing the work of pacification, with prospect of further annual disbursements of imposing magnitude for years to come. Counting in the cost of Dewey's projectiles, the twenty million dollars paid to Spain, and expenses incurred in the East in 1898, we will start the new century with at least three hundred millions actually invested in the Philippines. That is what we are licking revenue stamps and paying excessive tailor's bills for. When Mr. Lodge and Mr. Beveridge talk about the copper, hemp, lumber, and valuable experience the Philippines are to yield us, they

doubtless have this tidy expenditure in mind, and want to help us believe that in a pecuniary sense at least our investment will not be a dead loss. Mr. Olney gives them very little comfort. He is a good deal of an expansionist himself; believes we did right to intervene in Cuba; believes Cuba as well as Puerto Rico must be part of the United States, and the sooner the better; condones, if he does not endorse, the annexation of Hawaii; believes we have come to be a world-power and must take the place that belongs to us and play our part. But he scoffs at the taking of the Philippines. He insists that they are a gold brick; that they promise nothing but trouble and expense; that they don't help us to the China trade; that they weaken and embarrass us in our relations with the world. He won't admit that it was our duty to take them. All we wanted, he says, was a naval base, and that was all we held when the Canton statesmen bought the islands.



IT is good to hear Mr. Olney talk about these things, because he has been in the statesman trade himself. He knows our foreign relations intimately and calls them by their first names. It will be recalled that he has been Secretary of State. His opinions may not all be acceptable to all of us, but they have the emphasis which comes of seasoned familiarity with his subject. Most of us have neither read nor thought deeply about our country's foreign policy, but Mr. Olney has. It has been his business to know and to act, and he has evidently qualified himself for action. At any rate he has qualified himself to write. He does not say we should give the Philippines up. He admits that we have got them for better or worse, and though he believes it is for worse, and that we ought not to have taken them, he makes no suggestion of letting go.

To read his discourse makes the long-suffering observer long for a presidential campaign of education which would teach the country where it is and what it is, and where and what it ought to be. Is there still no hope of national medicament in the Democratic party? Is it so desperately committed to blind and

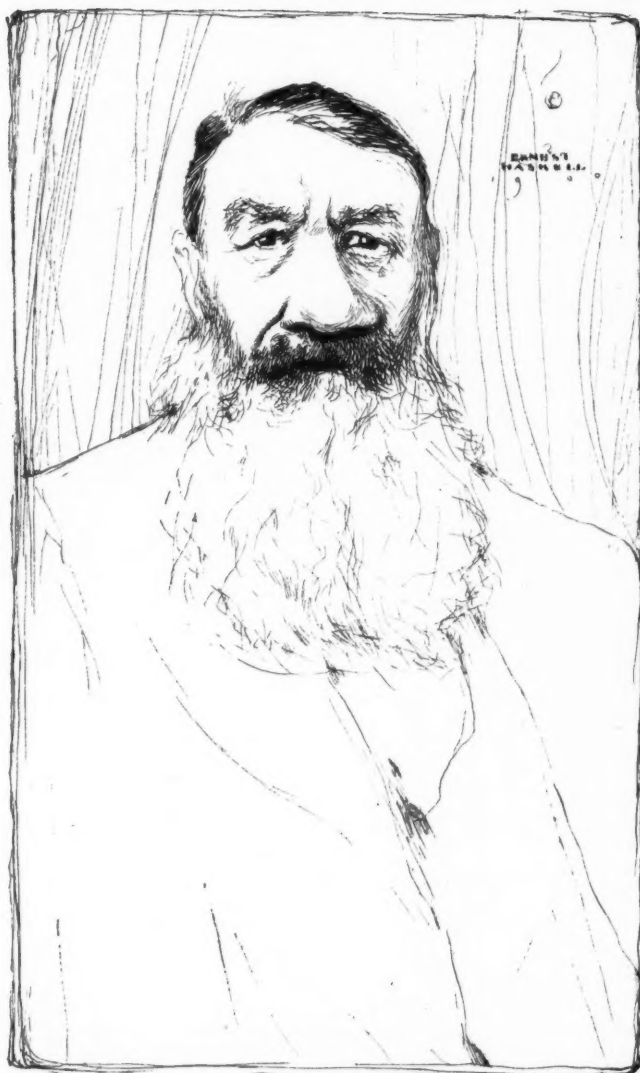
blatherskite leaders, that it cannot be used even as a bug-a-boo to scare the Republican leaders into consciousness of a bigger power in the country than even the Republican organization? Look at them now, wrestling with their more conscientious brethren to pass the bill which stirred Lew Wallace to say "with Richard Olney the Democrats could sweep the country."



NO Eastern Democrat now in office seems more devoted to the performance of his duty than Comptroller Coler of the City of New York. He shows himself a true servant of the people, and so far as the laws permit, he stands between the great strong box of the city and the unscrupulous hands that itch always to dip into it. It was better luck than we deserved that such a man, not himself a Tammany man, should have been chosen to the office which he fills on a Tammany ticket. Mr. Coler is a conspicuous figure in public life and discourses freely and often about the public interests with which he is concerned. It is suspected that he aspires to some larger sphere of usefulness. If so, let us hope his aspirations may be realized.



SOME of the English newspapers are talking about the Pro Boer sentiment in this country, and the mild efforts of our Government to assist in ending the South African war, as symptoms arising from the exigencies of our own national politics. They are quite mistaken. There is no politics in such sympathy as we feel for the Boers. Such as it is, it is a disinterested sentiment, entertained in spite of the memory of recent British friendliness, and in spite of a decided disposition to approve of British actions. Nothing but the apparent merits of the case influences American opinion about the conquest of the Transvaal. Twisting the lion's tail is not at present popular in this country. Neither party would gain the least advantage by it. The Boer fighting for independence and his own land appeals to us. That is all there is of it.



The Débutante.

THEY put the relics of a hundred years
Within her ears;
And on her silken gown, some rare old lace.
They deftly place;
They hang a fortune on her throbbing breast,
An old bequest;
And on her feet are slippers worn before,
In days of yore;
About her arms, the glistening bracelets show,
Of long ago;
Beneath a coronet, so old and rare,
They bind her hair.

And under all this record of past days,
There softly plays
A girlish heart, that truly yearns to be
Forever free;
And Love is there and beams within her eyes,
And fervent cries:
"Ah, heart! our time will surely come at last,
When this is past;
The world looks only at the gems you wear;
Ah, heart! Take care!"
Montrose J. Moses.

THE *United Irishman*, of Dublin, has recently published its own version of the Queen's speech to Parliament, which reads as follows. It was written before the Boer disasters, but its broad truths remain unchanged:

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN:

I regret to say that my attempt to exterminate and plunder the Dutch Republicans of South Africa has not been successful. Consequently my arrangements for occupying Delagoa Bay and seizing Madagascar—thus securing for me the dominion of the Indian Ocean—are off.

I have been deeply impressed by the fact that my call to the Yeomanry and Volunteers to aid me in hammering Paul has evoked a response from six thousand—including the blind and the lame—out of an available force of one hundred and ninety thousand men. When these gallant fellows have been instructed as to which end of a rifle shoots, and have been fully equipped with running-shoes and white flags, they will be sent as near the front as they can be prodded into going.

I am deeply grieved that a number of my English soldiers have been killed and wounded. Happily, however, my Generals have so arranged matters that for every Englishman hit three of my Irish hirelings have fallen. I have no doubt that as long as these helots are available they will be sent to do the fighting and screen my countrymen from harm.

My relations with other States continue to be friendly. Russia is preparing to seize India; France is getting ready to avenge Fashoda, and Germany is building up a fleet to wipe me off the face of the sea.

The cost of the war will be necessarily heavy. In order to encourage habits of industry and thrift in the working classes you will arrange the incidence of taxation to bear upon them. You will not, I am convinced, shrink from any outlay at the expense of the poor which may be required to preserve our Stockjobbers' Empire from destruction.

Forty millions of my Indian serfs are starving to death in their own country. I have forwarded them £5.

May the blessing of Saturn, *alias* Moloch, God of our race, attend your labours!

SHANGANAGH.



"ON THE CONTRARY."



Professor Peck's Apotheosis of the Buckwheat Cake.

FROM the morality of a sky-blue odor to the genealogy of a Greek goddess Professor Harry Thurston Peck is an authority; at least he has written books on the subjects. The one form of literature lacking in the list of his accomplishments has been poetry—and he has graciously supplied that with a volume just published entitled "Greystone and Porphyry" (Dodd, Mead & Co.). As a student and critic of the latest French school of poetry as well as of the oldest classic examples, Professor Peck is well-equipped to give us the very last wrinkle in modern rhythm.

Of course he is an evolutionist after the manner of all advanced thinkers, and in the poem called "Evolution" one may safely look for the deepest vein in Professor Peck's philosophy. He has, it seems to an impartial critic, put it all in this stanza:

"O drowsy day when all things yield
Submission to the Summer's heat
When the warm wind blows o'er the field
And ripples in the lush buckwheat!
A wonted sight it seems to be,
Yet in that swaying emerald lake
The poet's eye may soothly see
Thy genesis, O buckwheat cake!"

But Professor Peck, with true poetic vision, sees farther than this; he pictures a dainty Yankee maid "stirring batter with a spoon." Then in "a modest pan" his soaring imagination grasps the vision of "Thy chrysalis, O buckwheat cake." Lest his fancy might seem too cold and classic, he ends the poem with a burst of warm feeling:

"Fresh from the griddle's warm embrace
It smokes before the ravished sight,
A dash of Indian in its face
All golden brown, all liquid light."

A poem like that may leave the eyes dry, but it certainly makes the mouth water.

* * *

PROFESSOR PECK'S poems, like his essays, show a wide range of subject and thought. The advantages of co-education at Columbia are delicately portrayed in the poem called "Heliotrope," which reveals a Barnard girl struggling with a deep passion for one of her instructors (name not given), and ending the romance with

"A sweet spray of heliotrope
Left on his littered study table."

This indicates that the Barnard girl is probably always discreet, though daring, and ought to be permitted to read Professor Peck's poems as exercises in prosody.

* * *

ANTHONY HOPE surely has that deftness and gay fancy in abundance which enables him to produce the wildest

kind of romance without being either absurd or solemn. It is a very pretty game as he plays it—the methods of light comedy applied to melodrama.

"Captain Dieppe" (Doubleday) is the veriest trifle, founded on a farcical situation—and yet it is written with the light touch and the gay swagger that carry off the situation triumphantly. *Dieppe* comes perilously near being a vulgar adventurer, but a certain fine sense of chivalry saves him in the most ticklish positions. The minor characters are well done—down to the police spy and the blackmailer.

The story is printed in a very convenient form, and makes a good beginning for Mr. Doubleday's series of Short Novels.

Droch.

New Publications.

A Manifest Destiny. By Julia Magruder. New York: Harper and Brothers.

This is as good as any of Julia Magruder's novels. It was, we believe, written for *Harper's Bazar*, and is about what the editor of that periodical thought its readers wanted to read—which is explanation enough in itself.

Captain Dieppe. By Anthony Hope. New York: Doubleday and McClure Company.

The Nerve of Foley, and other railroad stories. By Frank H. Spearman. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Railroad stories have been the fashion for some time, and this book may have been written to fill a supposed demand. But, whether or not, the stories in it are very good reading and serve their purpose well.

The Canbrie Mask. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Professor. (The Haworth Edition.) By Charlotte Brontë. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Indian Story and Song. By Alice C. Fletcher. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

Miss Fletcher has done a real service in this little contribution to the history of music, and her book is of much value.

Resurrection. By Leo Tolstoy. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers.

Lying Prophets. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Outside the Radius. By W. Pett Ridge. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.

The Northwest Under Three Flags. By Charles Moore. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Pennsylvania Stories. By Arthur Hobson Quinn. Illustrated by F. F. Lincoln. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Co.

A group of college tales, evidently intended for readers of light literature. They might be better and they might be worse.

The Minx. By Mrs. Mannington Caffyn. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

In Rebuttal.

HERR SCHWILLENHENKER: Ach, yes! You can invent; what is there that you not invented haf? But in literature, you are as the Englanders: you haf no imagination.

"Have you read the morning papers?"



Pour Prendre Cronje.

LET Kipling blow his bugle,
And Austin tune his lay
To tell a wondering, awe-struck world
How "blood and innards" was unfurled,
And Britain's glorious might was hurled
Against old Piet Cronjé!

Another star has risen

In the constellation vast,
And Balaklava and the Nile,
Trafalgar and Omdurman vile,
And Waterloo and Erin's isle
Are rubber-necked at last!

For Bobs and bloody Kitchener,
With fifty thousand men,
With Maxim guns and soft-nosed shells,
And lurid Lyddite with its smells,
And other stuff for making hells,
Have captured Cronjé's den.

For ten long days old Cronjé
Had held the troops at bay,
But British guns and British sand
Are good in any foreign land
For downing any farmers' band
Ten times as small as they!

And when the row is over,
And all the troops return,
The Queen will ask our Bobs to dine,
And fill him up with Albert's wine,
And make him by her right divine
Lord Kandahar and Bloomfontein,
And give him cash to burn!

Anglo-Maniac.

General Lew Wallace is at work upon another drama, the scene of which is said to be laid in Thebes. — *Daily Paper.*

INASMUCH as General Wallace has been talking about the Puerto Rican tariff bill as a "high-handed outrage," and suggesting that Olney as the Democratic nominee would sweep the country, it would seem as if the scene of the drama he is at work on might possibly be the next Republican National Convention. General Wallace was a delegate at large to the convention which nominated the Major.

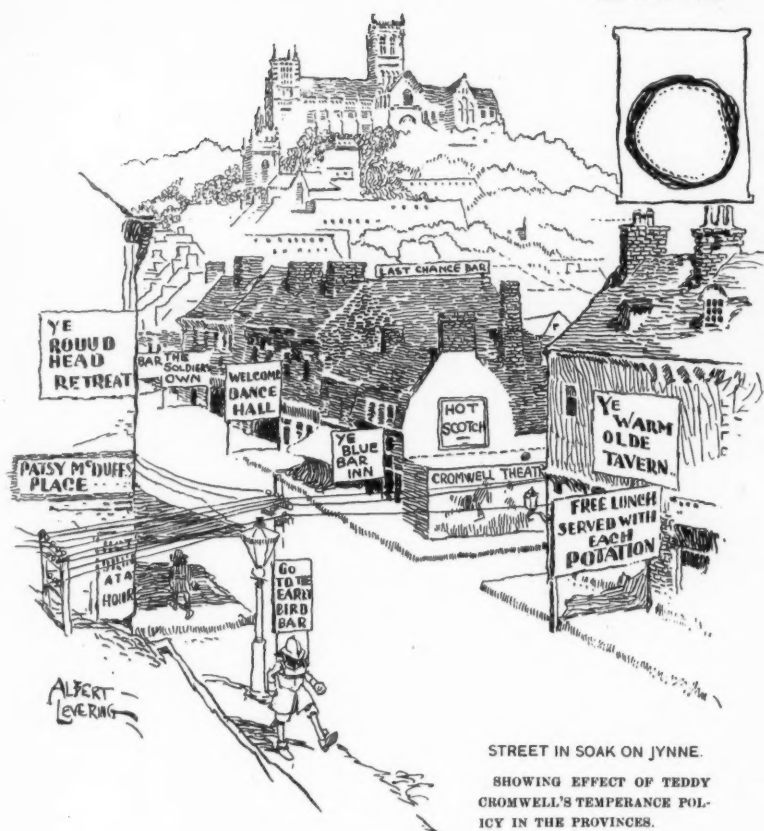
"Me"

AND
OLIVER CROMWELL.

A Strenuous History. By Teddy Rosenblast.

II.

LIVER CROMWELL did some wonderful things. If I should tell you all that he did—how he organized his great regiment, how he took the field in person and overthrew the king, how he entered politics, resisted the officeholders, and finally gathered the chief plum for himself—why, I say to you frankly, I would be wasting your time. Let me rather talk about myself. There has never been a time in the history of this country when we needed a real leader more than we do now. Hanna has done what he could, assisted by Wall Street and the brawn and sinew among the financial kings, who, bravely disregarding their country's interests, have plunged heart



STREET IN SOAK ON JYNNE.

SHOWING EFFECT OF TEDDY CROMWELL'S TEMPERANCE POLICY IN THE PROVINCES.

SOME time since, to wit, in 1635, Mr. Roger Williams was banished from the Colony of Massachusetts on account of certain of his religious opinions which were offensive to the authorities. It was felt later that he had been harshly dealt with, and a year ago, and again more recently, efforts were made to pass a bill in the General Court of Massachusetts revoking this degree of banishment. Mr. Williams has been dead some years, so he is no longer personally concerned in the matter, but his surviving admirers wanted a record of injustice to be corrected for the credit of the State. It is gratifying to record that the movement has provoked research into the details of the case which has resulted in the discovery of an order of the Colonial Council in 1676 granting to the exile, in consideration of respect and compassion, leave to move back into Massachusetts if he chose, and stay there as long as he lived peaceably and abstained from disseminating unsatisfactory

religious views. Mr. Williams's friends now rest easy, but desire for the credit of the commonwealth that the fact should be known that timely clemency was shown to him by his contemporaries. It does not appear that either the Episcopal ministers who objected so strongly to a recent discourse of President Eliot to sundry of their brethren, or those other clergy who attacked the Bishop of Massachusetts for letting a Unitarian speak at the laying of the corner-stone of an Episcopal Church, were among those who were concerned about Mr. Williams's case.

"YOU look awful sick, old man. I'll telephone out to your house that you are coming home early."

"Oh, no! Don't let my wife know."

"But why not?"

"She has been trying to get me home early for a month, to move some furniture."



STREET IN GABBLE UPPER GABBLE.

SHOWING EFFECT OF TEDDY CROMWELL'S TALK ON A BRICK WALL.



·CROMWELL and His Rough Round Heads take Edgehill The Battle of Marston .. Moor.:

and soul into the great work of saving their profits. He has done what he could, I say, but we need something more. Finance is one thing, but glory is another. Peaceful plenitude is one thing, but the strenuous life is another. What we want for our leader, then, is a man who can not only talk about himself, but can fight; in fact, would rather fight than eat. The election is drawing near, and Strenuosity should be written on every voter's heart. We want a man who not only has wheels, but knows how to use them—a man who has been Governor of the great State of New York, and who has never once flinched in his opinion of himself; a man who is honest and willing and obliging, and who makes a noise in the world. That's the kind of a man we want.

But I'll be ——— if I will ever be Vice-President!

A Religieuse.

FOR forty days sweet Bessie fasts
And meditates religious themes;
The while the Lenten season lasts
She almost lives on chocolate creams.

She mortifies the flesh in gowns
Of sackcloth which the French devise,
In such becoming grays and browns
They are the envy of all eyes.

She never dances during Lent,
And so, it happens every night
I sit beside her quite content
Beneath a dim, religious light.

Willis B. Hawkins.

The Cause of Booty.

THE gallant British in South Africa are still fighting, and only eight to one. However, they are not discouraged. Of course, they are laboring at a disadvantage in some ways, but old England is persevering.

Plunder is a great incentive.

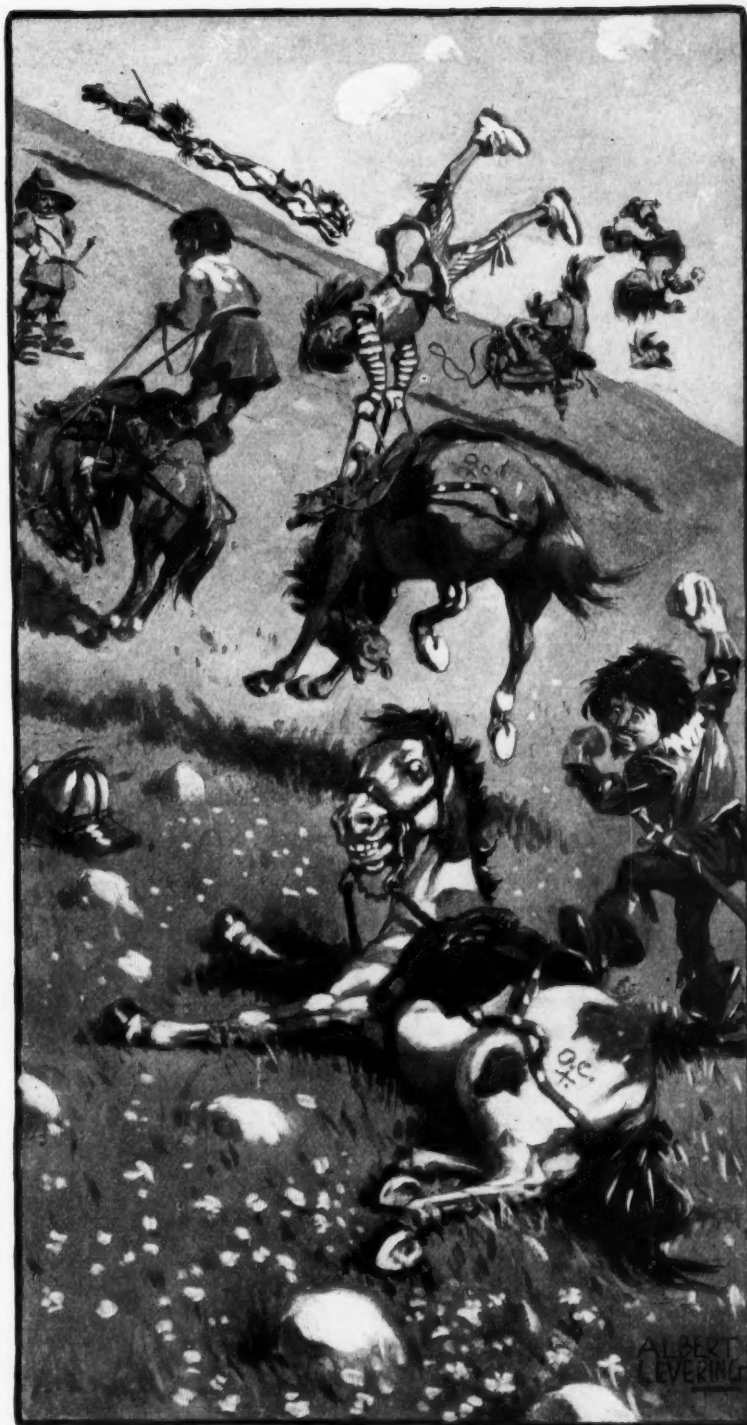
A Good Man.

"THEY say the cheap magazines may have to be discontinued, because the price of paper has gone up."

"Indeed? Who is responsible for the rise?"

"Oh, I suppose some philanthropist."

IF William J. Bryan will promptly abandon all pretensions to be the next Democratic candidate for President, LIFE will engage to use its influence to have his name inscribed on one of the panels in the new Hall of Fame which is to be erected on University Heights.



CROMWELL TRAINS HIS FAMOUS TROOP



Copyright, 1900, by Life Publishing Co

A WORD TO THE WISE
HAVE A BOOK IN CASE THEY ARE





A Charming and Wholesome Play.



VERY pretty picture, indeed, is that Mr. Augustus Thomas has drawn of the famous coterie of wits, poets, actors, and playwrights of which Dr. Johnson was the centre of gravity. Under the title of "Oliver Goldsmith," and with that lovable and eccentric genius as the hero of the love-story that makes the pictures part of a play, Mr. Thomas takes us back a century and a half into an atmosphere of literary delight. There they are in the flesh—the gruff old Doctor, the brilliant Burke, the parasitic Boswell, the genial Garrick, gentle "Noll" himself, all in the flesh and all produced with a faithfulness to our mental pictures of historic characters rarely to be found on our stage. Johnson is made cleaner and of less revolting habits than he is described and there are other modifications of the personalities to fit them for stage use, but the author has not carried his idealizing so far as to be false to the carefully drawn portraits handed down by the characters themselves and their historians. Mr. Thomas chose a period which left behind it plenty of descriptive material from which to create an atmosphere, and the finished product in which Mr. Stuart Robson and a most competent company are appearing at the Fifth Avenue show a work of love done by a master hand. The author has a clever wit of his own and has made a play that satisfies not only the critic and the student, but its humorous lines and clever situations are bound to interest and please a less exacting public.

Mr. Robson is to be congratulated on securing a part in which he is not handicapped by his personality. The peculiarities of the real Goldsmith allow of a latitude in portrayal which makes Mr. Robson—who has acquired a certain seriousness—not too far out of the picture. The honors of the title rôle are more than shared by Mr. Henry E. Dixey as *David Garrick*. This drawing of Garrick fits Mr. Dixey admirably, and gives him considerable opportunity for his powers of mimicry as well as for original work. He also doubles in *Twitche*, a low comedy bailiff in marked and admirable contrast to the polished *Garrick*. The *Boswell* of Mr. Smith, the *Burke* of Mr. Hale, and the *Dr. Johnson* of Mr. Weaver are all well and carefully done. Miss Jeffreys Lewis brings to the character of *Mrs. Featherstone* much of

the archness of former days, when she was a favorite at old Wallack's, together with the ease and finish that come from training in a good school. Miss Rockwell and Miss Mortimer are attractive as *Mary* and *Catherine Horneck*.

"Oliver Goldsmith" gives us the joy of good acting bestowed on clean and clever material that appeals to our better, not our worse instincts.

IN "The Profligate" Miss Olga Nethersole gives us further conviction that her reckless waste of natural advantages comes from a perversity not to be mended by criticism. Her insistence on spoiling her work by silly mannerisms could, on the principle that those who can act and won't act must be made to act, better be cured by an energetic application of the corrective rod than by any amount of printed comment.

In the more emotional scenes—notably the very strong climax of the third act—she permits us to forget somewhat her annoying affectations, and rises to heights that justify LIFE's early beliefs in her great natural ability. The principal result of this is that it intensifies the exasperation one feels over her deliberate marring of hers and the author's work.

"The Profligate" is one of those plays that raise the question of the morals of the theatre again. It deals frankly with a delicate social question, and is therefore not for the young girl. Some of its didactic and pedantic lines pointing out the wickedness of certain social sins might lead us to believe that in his early days Mr. Pinero was imbued with the idea that the stage's mission was to educate and elevate and purify. This belief, however, disappears with the recollection that the author simply displays an evil situation in his play and comments on it, but points out no way of avoiding it or escaping its consequences. That recollection and a contemplation of Mr. Pinero's later work show that Mr. Pinero simply takes what he considers the best material for dramatic effect, irrespective of moral teaching, writes a play, and tells the British maid and British matron to keep away if they don't like it.

Metcalf.

The principal plays now on the stage in New York may be roughly divided into two classes—those that are clean, and those at which no self-respecting woman should be seen. To save our readers mortification and expense, we append a properly classified list:

CLEAN.

"Brother Officers," "The Pride of Jennico," "Sherlock Holmes," "Ben Hur," "My Daughter-in-Law," "Oliver Goldsmith," "The Sunken Bell."

"Hearts Are Trumps."

NOT.

"Papa's Wife," "Coralie & Co., Dressmakers."



"SHE LOOKED LIKE THIRTY CENTS."

The Strenuous Life.

(Verses read at the Harvard Club Dinner in New York, Feb. 21, 1900.)

I WENT down East to a football match; great game; I'll go again.
There played a chap they called McBride, who had the strength of ten,
And divers more, whose names I miss, but they seemed to be all good men.

Thirty men or thereabouts competed there that day.
Thirty thousand anxious souls observed their urgent play.
All Harvard went prepared to yell; all Harvard stayed to pray.

Our beings to their very cores were stirred by those young men,
Egregious heroes doing stunts far too sublime for pen.
Down to Yale's one-yard line they fought; Yale fought them back again.

"And all that work and no one's game!" sighed I as we turned away.

"They jolly well got their exercise," my seat-mate said, "this day.
"In the strenuous life 'tisn't wins that count, so much as how hard you play.

"Don't bother about what's gained, or whether you wallop the proper man.

"In the strenuous life, to do hard things in the hardest way, is the plan,

"And to keep the biggest possible crowd as crazy as ever you can."

"Poor liver-saddened old croak," said I, "whose thews have lost their power;

"Whose muscles are soft and his spunk collapsed, and his spirit subdued and sour,

"Grand is strife of the strenuous life, and the world's best hope in this hour!"

"Granny!" said he, "those were fine young lads, and vigorous through and through.

"They put commendable snap, I own, in the singular things they do.

"Still, granting a sport is a right good sort, need we make it religion, too?

"Must we add to the cross we've had so long another upright pole,

"And shove the bar along a bit, till it's what they call a goal,

"And say you must drive between the posts as you hope to save your soul?

"There's more to life than hustling, man, though hustling has its place,

"There's virtue in contentment still; tranquillity's a grace;

"According to his legs and lungs, must each man set his pace."

I've thought about it often since, and doubtless shall again.
The strenuous life's a tiptop thing, I guess, for strenuous men
Whose necks are short, and whose heads are hard, and who have the strength of ten.

But as for us, the meek and mild, our racket's to adhere
To docile virtue's modest path, nor let ambition queer
Our sense, nor ever lure us off a strenuous course to steer.

To pose as strenuous half a day, and spend a week in bed
Would never do; we'd lose our jobs; our babes would wail unfed.
Better to save our meagre strength to earn our daily bread.

About one strenuous man to every thousand folks is right,
Five hundred lean and vigilant to keep him aye in sight;
Five hundred fat to sit on him hard when he happens to want to flight.

E. S. Martin.



AN ENGLISH SPARROW.

BOSTON, it seems, is inclined to try Sapho, and see if it is really as objectionable as New York believes it is. Boston opinion will be interesting and perhaps valuable. She may merely conclude that the moral of Sapho is too obscure to be detected by uncultivated cities.

THE signs that the silver craze is permanently dead are very convincing, and it begins to look as though Mr. Bryan would do well to enter for the best thing in the way of consolation stakes that is offered.

TO grant the ordinary man equality is to make him your superior.



DINNER A LA CARTE.

Yale and Theology.



THE efforts of Yale University to make its divinity school turn out better ministers are worth attention. The school seems to be an excellent machine, but its products have not been of a quality sufficiently superior to command the best markets. Accordingly close attention is being paid to both the selection of the best obtainable grades of raw material and to improvement in the processes of manufacture. It was thought that owing to the accumulated benefactions of pious decedents it had become rather too cheap and easy to be a Yale theologian. That has been corrected in some measure, and the plan is that each man who profits by benevolences shall work for what he receives. Students also are to apply themselves less exclusively to theology and more to other branches of learning, and are to try in various ways to be more human, more self-reliant, more generally intelligent, and somewhat less like the ordinary run of contemporary theologues.

These are all worthy efforts on Yale's part, and we ought all to hope that they will be blessed. The ministry, somehow, seems to be a difficult business in these times. Superior men who can fairly earn a good living are comparatively scarce in it, while



Jim Bunnie: COME ON, FELLOWS! COME IN AND GET WARM.

ministers who lack due employment, and due capacity for usefulness, abound. Part of the trouble is, no doubt, that many men who do not lack faith are yet distrustful of creeds, and in matters of belief which may not readily be proved, would rather feel their way along than gulp down at the outset what may presently give them fits of spiritual indigestion.



An Important Question!

WHICH is the meanest city in the United States?

This is an important question, and one that LIFE would like to have definitely settled. With that object in view, we offer

A Prize of Fifty Dollars in Gold

for the best statement of facts which prove that any particular city is the meanest one in this country.

Conditions.

Competitors must limit their arguments to three hundred words each.

Write on one side of the paper only.

The contest will close May 1st, 1900, and the award will be made as soon thereafter as the respective merits of the arguments can be determined.

The winning argument will be printed, together with such others as may seem to LIFE worthy of that distinguished honor.

Names and addresses of the writers should accompany all manuscripts. In no case will these be printed without the permission of the sender. Those who desire their manuscripts returned should enclose a stamped and addressed return envelope.

Each manuscript may bear a pseudonym, which will be printed with the argument.

The Editors of LIFE are to be the sole judges of the merits of the argument.

JERSEY CITY.

There are mean cities and mean cities, but the meanest city in the United States (that is, if any city in New Jersey can be regarded as in the United States) is unquestionably Jersey City. Jersey City can be briefly described as a conglomeration of liquor saloons, railroad tracks and dirty streets. Jersey City possesses only one advantage, and that is the facility and rapidity with which one can escape from it. There is not a residence without its trolley or railroad car at its door. Every citizen keeps next to his heart a schedule of the quickest time that can be made from his house to New York. It is the one redeeming feature that the town boasts of. You can get out of it in a remarkably short space of time.

One who has Been There.

MINNEAPOLIS.

Meaneapolis in the State of Meanesota.

H. S.

CHICAGO.

The narrowest, meanest, least cosmopolitan and by nature the worst endowed is Chicago. The definition of Chicago (Indian name), Mephitis Mephitica, is fitting.

What greets the traveler on arrival there, comes from plain mud and garbage on the streets, or the canal working. This statement is made as a matter of justice to the poor Mephitis Mephitica.

Chicago's climate is the meanest in the world; this is admitted without argument; that she elects to remain filthy the traveler will observe. What really makes Chicago the meanest city in the world are her people.

You cannot make a purse out of a sow's ear. Chicago is vulgar.

Men and women are called ladies and gents

in Chicago. The "gent" is chesty, full of hot air, wears a high hat with tweed suits, is engaged in numberless business enterprises in which no money changes hands.

It is impossible to refine or broaden the male; he is too vain and self-opinionated.

The business principle of Chicago is Catchem and Skinem. From the minute you arrive and during your enforced detention there, you are cinched, but you form a rapid though correct idea of her general all-round meanness. As to her Government, her Altgelds and Tanners speak for that; we resent the national disgrace they have brought upon us.

Now the new drainage canal is comp'eted, may Chicago have the greatest (everything is greatest in Chicago) cloud burst on record.

The prayers of St. Louis are with us.

Black Bart.

NEW YORK.

Philadelphia, —

The meanest city in the United States must be the one which could produce a mind so mean as to offer "A Prize of Fifty Dollars in Gold" as an inducement to mean people to make themselves still more mean by contemplating mean things, and searching for mean proof of the meanness of their fellows, and therefore the meanest of mean cities must be New York.

I do not need the balance of the allotted three hundred words to prove the truth of this proposition.

I would request you to close this competition forthwith and send me the prize offered, were it not that I am quite sure that so many others will come to the same conclusion, and for the same reason, that there will be less than a two-cent stamp apiece for the successful contestants.

Very truly yours, S. A. W.



HIS CROSS.

Van Sponger: I DON'T KNOW WHAT I SHOULD DO IF YOU REJECTED ME.
Ruth Wittington: YOU WOULD GO ON EARNING YOUR OWN LIVING.



THE SULTAN OF SULU.

"Go right ahead without me," said the Sultan with a tear.
 "Fix up what government you will. I'll never interfere.
 I haven't any time to mingle in such small affairs;
 Domestic complications leave me overwhelmed with cares.
 For the harem's in a flurry,
 And they're talking woman's rights;
 I'm in such a state of worry
 That I cannot sleep o' nights.

"So leave me unmolested as a theme of harmless mirth;
 You'll hear no Mormon precepts from my corner of the earth.
 If you want to help your country you must do it all alone.
 I can't be patriotic. I have troubles of my own.

There are many men who borrow
 Trouble in this world of strife,
 But for undiluted sorrow
 Nothing beats a Sultan's life."

— Washington Star.

THE New England small boy generally shows business capabilities at a tender age, if he is ever going to have them. I have heard of a certain small Boston boy, who got into the habit of teasing his mother for pennies, until at last she said to him:

"Now, Willie, I don't like to give you pennies; if you want money, you should go to work and earn it."

The boy remained thoughtful for some time. Then, within a few days, the mother perceived that Willie had plenty of pennies. She wondered a bit where he got them, but did not question him. But one summer day she noticed that some sort of a hullabaloo was going on in the backyard. Looking out, she saw Willie surrounded by a mob of boys, who were yelling with delight. She went down into the yard to see what was going on, and, as she passed out, she

saw, stuck up on the back wall of the house, this notice, quite neatly "printed" out with a pencil:

WILLIE JONES WILL EAT

1 small green worm, for	1 cent
1 large green worm, for	2 cents
1 small fuzzy worm, for	3 cents
1 large fuzzy worm, for	5 cents
1 small green toad, for	25 cents

Willie was apparently doing a thriving business. His mother interrupted it—at any rate in her own backyard. I don't suppose that she had any assurance that he wasn't still carrying it on somewhere else.—Boston Transcript.

ONCE when General Butler was in Congress, he rose in his place and gently insinuated that the member who was occupying the floor was transgressing the limit of debate.

"Why, General," said the member, in reproachful tones, "you divided your time with me."

"I know I did," rejoined the grim old warrior; "but I did not divide eternity with you."

On another occasion Butler was a member of a political convention in which a distinguished Unitarian clergyman sat as a delegate. While the subject of candidates was being discussed, this clergyman announced that if a certain nomination was made, he would bolt it.

"Very likely," Butler blurted out; "you are good at bolting; in your religion you bolt two-thirds of the Trinity." —Tribune.

AT one time, when there was a vacancy in the Massachusetts bishopric, Dr. Phillips Brooks was the most prominent candidate. Bishop Lawrence, then dean of the Theological School, in Cambridge, was walking with President Eliot, of Harvard University, and the two were discussing the situation.

"Don't you hope Brooks will be elected?" asked the dean.

"No," said Dr. Eliot; "a second or third-rate man would do just as well; and we need Brooks in Boston and Cambridge."

Phillips Brooks was elected, and a little later Dr. Eliot and Mr. Lawrence again discussed the matter.

"Aren't you glad Brooks was elected?" queried the dean.

"Yes, I suppose so," said Dr. Eliot, "if he wanted to, but, to tell the truth, Lawrence, you were my man."

—Argonaut.

WHEN Fatima discovered all the headless women she was much disturbed.

"Who were these persons?" she asked severely, "and why did you kill them?"

"They were all wives of mine!" answered Bluebeard. "I killed them in order that there might be no objection to my sitting in Congress or to your moving in the best society of Washington, my darling!"

At this Fatima was overcome, and implored her husband's forgiveness.—Detroit Journal.

EDALE is a primitive village in the midmost depth of "The Peak" in Derbyshire. The inhabitants are all of the roughest type, and keep as much as possible out of the sight of strangers. The following excellent story is told of one of them, who, some fifty years ago, was so adventurous as to make a journey to Sheffield, about twenty miles distant from the village. When he set off to return it was raining hard, and his host loaned him an umbrella, opening it himself in order to save his friend all possible trouble. A fortnight afterward this man of Edale was seen to return in the finest weather, but with the umbrella still up. "Why," he claimed, "we had a peck o' troubles wi' 'un. There was a doorway in the village we could get 'un through, so we tethered 'un in a field."—Spare Moments.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

Established 1823.

**WILSON
WHISKEY.**

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

NOW READY!

Coontown's 400.

Thirty humorous plates by E. W. Kemble, America's best delineator of darky life. Buff linen binding, with special cover design in black and red. Price \$2.00, of all booksellers and newsdealers, or post-free, on receipt of price, by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

19 West Thirty-first Street,

New York City.

ESTERBROOK'S

150 Varieties.
For Sale by all Stationers.

Works, Camden, N. J.

STEEL PENS

Every Kind of Steel Pen for Every Kind of Hand.

THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO., 26 John St., New York.

DON'T LOSE THE POINT

of your pencil. Carry it in the Improved Washburne Patent Pencil Holder. Fastens to pocket or lapel of vest. Grips firmly, but don't tear the fabric. Eyeglass Holder, with swivel hook, equally handy. By mail, 10c. each.

Catalogue of these and other novelties made with the Washburne Fasteners free for the asking.

American Ring Co.,
Box 58. Waterbury, Conn.

NOW READY!

Mythology for Moderns.

By JAMES S. METCALFE.

Illustrations by C. D. Gibson, F. G. Atwood, Oliver Herford, A. Brennan, "Chips" and Charles Howard Johnson.
 The principal tales of Mythology re-told with modern applications.
 Bound in Pompeian red and yellow, with cover designs by F. G. Atwood.
 Price \$1.00, of all booksellers and newsdealers, or post-free on receipt of price, by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

19 West Thirty-first Street,

New York City.

Lundborg's

"Daisy Queen"

A fragrant perfume, rich in the sweetness of field and forest. Delicate yet lasting.

Sold by all dealers, or will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of \$1.00.

LADD & COFFIN, 24 Barclay Street, New York.

"JANICE MEREDITH"
ALL \$1.50 Books 99¢
Sent by mail, 15 cents extra. Address
Rector Street Book Store Co.,
Send for free catalogue. New York City.

The Putman Boots

Are practical Sportsmen's Footwear. We have for 23 years supplied Western Hunters, Prospectors, Ranchmen and Engineers (who demand the best), and have learned through our personal contact with them to make a perfect boot.



Send for catalogue of over 20 different styles of boots. Also Indian Tanned Moose Hide Moccasins.

This cut shows our No. 678, 14 inch Boot. Uppers are Special Chrome Tanned Calf Skin. Tanned with the grain of the hide left on (our special tanning), making the leather **water proof**. Large eyelets and wide leather laces. Laced at side to fit tight around the top. Sole genuine hand sewed, (making it soft and easy.)

Made to measure and delivered to any part of the U. S. for.....

\$7.50

Send for blank showing how to measure your foot.

H. J. PUTMAN & CO. 22 Bridge Square, Minneapolis, Minn.

Knowing Ones
among wheelmen and those who have studied wheels, select popular

Rambler
BICYCLES

1900 PRICE \$40
because of their merit and established good name. Agencies everywhere, 1900 catalog free.

AMERICAN BICYCLE CO.
GORMULLY & JEFFERY SALES DEPT.
CHICAGO

OLD OVERHOLT RYE.

THE OVERHOLT DISTILLERY
FOUNDED NEARLY A CENTURY AGO ENJOYS BY REASON OF ITS TRADITIONAL POLICY OF QUALITY AS AGAINST QUANTITY, A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION FOR THE PRODUCTION OF UNSURPASSED HIGH GRADE MONTICELLO PURE RYE WHISKY. IT IS DISTILLED FROM SELECTED HOME-GROWN RYE AND MOUNTAIN SPRING WATER AND IS DISTILLED FOR ITS ABSOLUTE PURITY, DELICACY AND BODY, WITH A SOUQUET REMARKABLE FOR ITS SWIFTNESS.

BOTTLED IN BOND DIRECT FROM THE BARREL.

OLD OVERHOLT & CO. PITTSBURGH, PA.

PHOTOS Models from Life, Beauties, Stereo-scopes, etc. List with 100 miniature and 2 cabinet size photos, \$1; note or stamps.
S. RECKNAGEL NACHF, Munich, 1 Brieffach, Germany.



Redfern Corsets

FRENCH GORED - SOLID WHALEBONE
SOLD BY FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.



"Ahead to stay, and stay they will, Till perfection meets its match."

NESTOR CIGARETTES

EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR THE OVERLAND LIMITED

A strictly first-class train, consisting of
BUFFET-SMOKING AND LIBRARY CARS, PULLMAN DOUBLE
DRAWING-ROOM SLEEPING CARS AND DINING CARS
runs through between Chicago and

CALIFORNIA in 3 Days
without change via the
CHICAGO, UNION PACIFIC & NORTH-WESTERN LINE

affording the quickest transit to San Francisco, the gateway to
THE HAWAIIAN AND PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, CHINA AND JAPAN.

FOR INFORMATION AND DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLETS APPLY TO PRINCIPAL AGENCIES:

368 WASHINGTON STREET,	BOSTON.	435 VINE STREET,	CINCINNATI.
481 BROADWAY,	NEW YORK.	507 SMITHFIELD STREET,	PITTSBURG.
193 CLARK STREET,	CHICAGO.	127 THE ARCADE,	CLEVELAND.
601 CHESTNUT STREET,	PHILADELPHIA.	17 CAMPUS-MARTIUS,	DETROIT.
301 MAIN STREET,	BUFFALO.	No. 2 KING STREET, EAST,	TORONTO, ONT.

ALL AGENTS SELL TICKETS VIA THE

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

LIFE. Vol. 34 now ready. Bound in Maroon and Gold, Green and Gold, Full Black. **PRICE, \$4.00.**

If Copies are returned an allowance of \$2.00 is made.

THE FICKLE MAID.

"Why do you go to Vassar?"
I asked my heart's own queen.
"Because," she said, "I want to be
A little Vassarline."
But she changed her mind, the fickle maid,
As she'd done many times before;
'Twas not, she confessed, that she liked Vassar less,
But she really liked Bryn Mawr.

—Harvard Lampoon.

OSCAR'S SAUCE.

TRAVELERS on the luxurious trains of the Pennsylvania and New York Central systems will find *Oscar's Sauce* (as served at the Waldorf-Astoria) an added consideration for enjoyment of the dining-car service. Visitors to the Waldorf-Astoria can take or send home to family or friends no greater a delicacy than a jar of Oscar's Sauce, prepared by Oscar of the Waldorf-Astoria.

"NERO has been badly maligned by historians. Careful research has proved him to have been a most exemplary character."

"How about his fiddling while Rome was burning?"

"A pure misconception. He was an active member of the Applan Hose Company No. 1, and after they had got the fire under control, he played for some time on the ruins."

—Chicago Record.

AN ENORMOUS INDUSTRY.

Our enormous industries, tremendous output, rapid movement of goods always fresh in the hands of consumers, insures the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk the first place in American homes.

THE wife of the Admiral of the Navy is noted for her brightness at repartee. At the time of her engagement to the hero of Manila Bay she was much annoyed at the publicity given to her every movement, and very sensitive to criticism. An editor of one of the Washington papers called to her over the telephone one day in regard to a photograph that had been sent to him to use in a descriptive article.

"It is so poor," explained the editor, who was an old friend of Mrs. Dewey's, "that I dislike to use it. Are you sure you know which one I refer to?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Dewey, "that's all right."

"But I don't think it is all right," said the editor. "Don't you want justice done?"

"No," replied Mrs. Dewey, "I only hope for mercy."

—Saturday Evening Post.

HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSE.

With telephone service you can reach everyone you want in a few seconds. It puts the whole organization of a great city at your fingers' ends day and night. It may be had in Manhattan for \$60 a year. New York Telephone Company, 115 West 38th St., 15 Dey St.

THE first candidate rose and said:

"I fought for you, my friends, and to-day the bones of my right arm are bleaching among the hills of Tennessee!"

The second candidate followed with:

"My left leg, friends, lies listless in the shadows of the Virginia vales!"

"Both of my legs," said the third candidate, "are in the Mississippi!"

Then the fourth man rose and said:

"I went through the war without a scratch. Here are two strong arms to uphold your rights, and two live legs to kick till you get 'em!"—Atlanta Constitution.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

All the attractions of hotel life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

THE BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN SPRING RESORT REGION ABOUT ASHEVILLE AND THE 'LAND OF THE SKY.'

No region is more beautiful than the "Land of the Sky" of Western North Carolina, especially during the spring months when the early mountain flowers are in blossom. The season is far in advance of that of New York, and is especially delightful during March, April and May.

The Southern Railway runs through Pullman cars from New York to Asheville and the Hot Springs with close connections for other resort centers, such as Pinehurst, N. C., Tryon, Skyland, Sapphire, etc.

Full information and illustrated literature at the Southern Railway ticket offices, 271 and 1185 Broadway, or of A. S. Thwait, E. P. A.

PATRONIZE American goods, especially when you know they are the best, like Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.



Alois P. Swoboda

teaches by mail with perfect accuracy his original and scientific method of Physiological Exercise without apparatus whatever and requiring but a few minutes time in your own room just before retiring. By this condensed system more exercise can be obtained in ten minutes than by any other in two hours and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart.

It is the only natural, easy and speedy method for obtaining perfect health, physical development and elasticity of mind and body.

ABSOLUTELY CURES CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, NERVOUS EXHAUSTION

and revitalizes the whole body.

Pupils are of both sexes ranging in age from fifteen to eighty-six, and recommend the system. Since no two people are in the same physical condition individual instructions are given in each case.

Write at once for full information and Booklet containing endorsements from many of America's leading citizens to

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, CHICAGO, ILL.

LIFE'S LATEST AND BEST OFFER

\$8.50 Value for \$5.00 net.



Copyright, 1899, by Life Publishing Co.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

This is a sample in miniature of one of Mr. Gibson's proofs. Under this offer you are entitled to select from our catalogue of 150 subjects, a proof, 15x20, with mat, ready for framing.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS WHO SEND \$5.00 WILL RECEIVE

LIFE for One Year \$5.00
LIFE'S Easter and Christmas numbers for 190050
An Artist's Proof, size 15 x 20, on Japan paper, mounted ready for framing 2.00
And in addition your choice of any one of the following publications, the retail price of which is 1.00

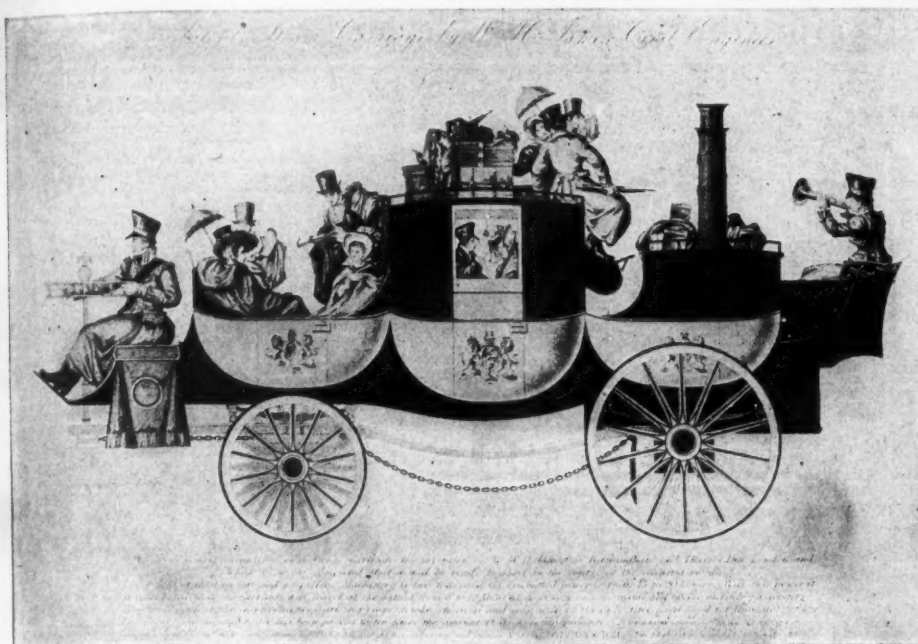
THE OUT-OF-DOOR CALENDAR FOR 1900, by Blasfield, or
PREDICAMENTS, by Shipman, a Book of Short Stories, or
MYTHOLOGY FOR MODERNS, by Metcalfe, or
THE YANKEE NAVY by Masson, or
TAKEN FROM "LIFE," a Book of Verses.

\$8.50

ALL RICHLY ILLUSTRATED

CATALOGUE OF 150 EXAMPLES OF PROOFS, LIKE SAMPLE ABOVE, BY GIBSON, HANNA, GILBERT AND OTHERS, FOR SELECTION, SENT ON RECEIPT OF 10 CENTS

LIFE PUBLISHING CO., 19 W. 31st Street, NEW YORK.



THE AUTOMOBILE.
"WHEN GEORGE THE FOURTH WAS KING."

—The Sketch.

52 Gold and Silver Medals Awarded for Excellence.

JOHN DEWAR & SONS, Ltd., Distillers.



By Special Royal Warrants to Her Majesty the Queen.

PERTH, Scotland. LONDON, England.

Dewar's Scotch Whisky

These Jugs are handsome specimens of the famous English Doulton Ware, and make a very attractive addition to the sideboard. They contain

Dewar's Special Old Scotch Whisky,

remarkable for Aroma, Purity, and the Mellowness which age alone can give, distilled from the finest malted Barley procurable. Send for Catalogue No. 10. Goods packed in unmarked cases.



Bobbie Burns Jug, \$2.00.
Cash or P. O. Express Prepaid.



Sphinx Jug, \$2.00.
Cash or P. O. Express Prepaid.

FRED'K GLASSUP, Sole United States Agent.
JOHN DEWAR & SONS, Ltd. (Dept. 10) 22 West 24th Street, New York, N. Y.

What Are THE CLUB = COCKTAILS



Drinks that are famous the world over. Made from the best of liquors and used by thousands of men and women in their own homes in place of tonics, whose composition is unknown.

Are they on your sideboard?

Would not such a drink put new life into the tired woman who has shopped all day? Would it not be the drink to offer to the husband when he returns home after his day's business?

Choice of Manhattan, Martini, Tom or Holland Gin, Vermouth, York or Whiskey is offered.

For sale by all Fancy Grocers and Dealers generally, or write to:

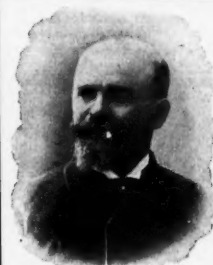
G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.,

Hartford, Conn.

39 Broadway, New York.

20 Piccadilly, W. London, Eng.

Don't fail to try
BEECHAM'S PILLS
when suffering from any bad
condition of the Stomach
or Liver.
10 cents and 25 cents, at drug stores.



**CHEW
BEEMAN'S
THE ORIGINAL
PEPSIN
GUM**

Cures Indigestion
and Sea Sickness.

All Others are Imitations.



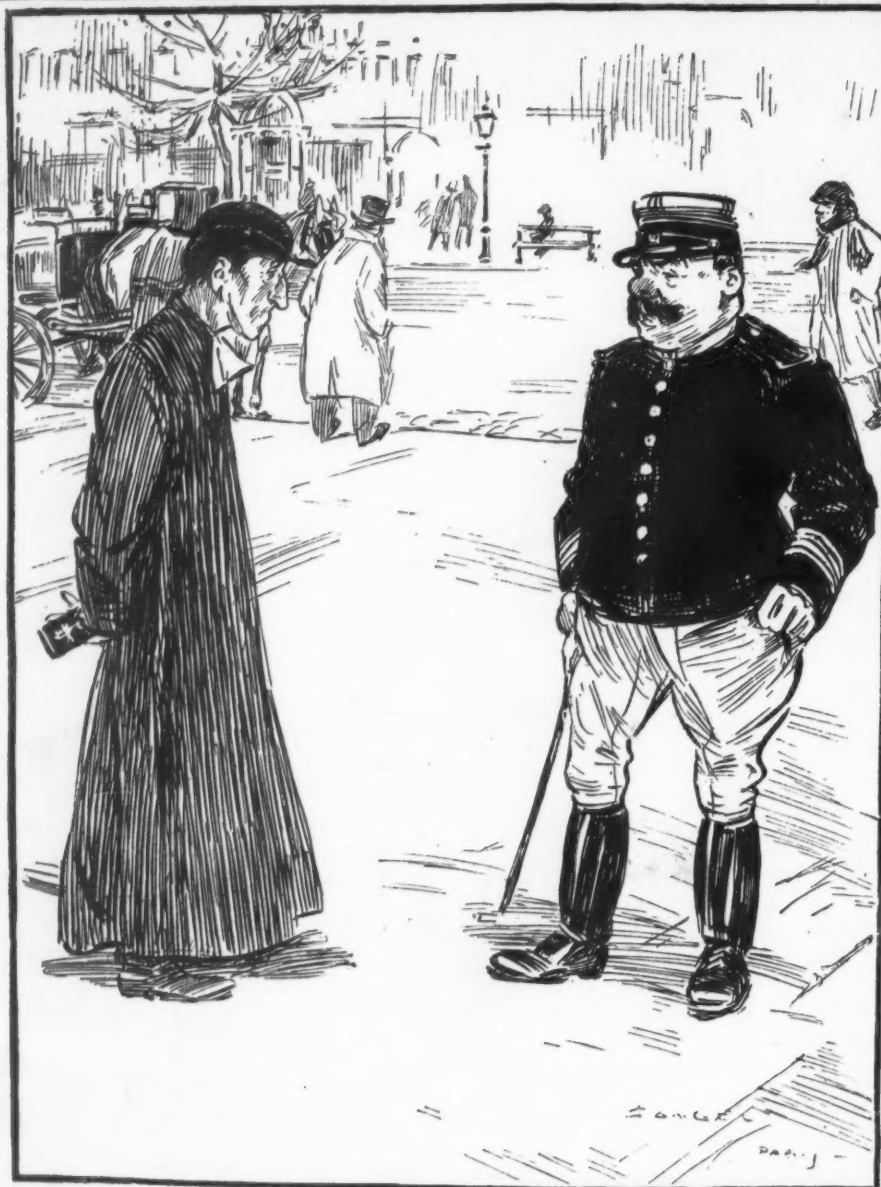
**Rae's
Lucca
Olive
Oil...**

Combines
Perfection
of Quality
with
Absolute
Purity

S. RAE & CO.,
Leghorn, Italy.
Established 1836.

For Health or Pleasure.

Eight hours ride from Washington, on the line of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway and nestling in a most beautiful valley in the heart of the ever lovely Appalachian Mountains, are the Hot Springs of Virginia. Here, winter or summer, the visitor is certain of finding in its magnificent new Homestead Hotel a large contingent of fashionable people. This resort is, beyond dispute, the Carlsbad of America, and its springs stand pre-eminent for the cure of gout and rheumatic troubles. Its bathhouse, supplied with every known device for treatment, is the finest in America. The natural beauty of the place and its surroundings attract many visitors who do not feel it necessary to take a regular course of baths for actual or imaginary ailments, but who find life at the hotel and the attendant pleasures of out-door sports enjoyable. The Chesapeake & Ohio Railway operates through Pullman Compartment Cars between New York and Hot Springs, running over the Pennsylvania Railroad as far as Washington and from there over its own picturesque line.



OVERHEARD IN FRANCE.

Priest: ZE EENGLISH DO NOT WIN!

Soldier: ZAT IS BECAUSE ZEY HAVE NOT ZE BRAVE OFFICERS, LIKE ESTERHAZY, MERCIER, BOISDEFFRE, PATY DU CLAM, AND ALL ZE OTHERS WID FUGHT SO NOBLY AGAINST DREYFUS!—Moonshine.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

Kodaks

Load in Daylight with Film Cartridges for two, six or twelve exposures as desired. For work at home then, as well as for one's outings, the Kodak becomes more convenient than the glass plate camera.

No dark room except for development, no bothersome plate holders or dark slides.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
CATALOGUES FREE AT THE DEALERS OR BY MAIL. Rochester, N. Y.

THE PLAIN TRUTH OLD CROW RYE



Is a Straight Whiskey.
Is Sold Absolutely Pure.
Is Ky. Hand-made Sour Mash.
Is Made by Same Formula as James Crow made it sixty-six years ago.

H. B. KIRK & CO., Sole Bottlers, N. Y.

EVANS ALE AND STOUT

SUBSTANTIALLY
BACKED BY THE
PREFERENCE OF
ALE DRINKERS
FOR MORE
THAN A
CENTURY



Arnold
Constable & Co.

Spring Woolens.

Steamer, Golf and Wheeling Suitings.

Plaids Stripes, Mixtures and Reversibles.

Wool Crashes, Grey and Castor Shades.

West of England Worsted
Suitings. Faced Cloths.

Broadway & 19th St.
NEW YORK.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
— Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

USE
FAIRY
POWDERS
COMPLEXION

Guaranteed to cure the most obstinate cases of Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles, Blisters and Sallow Skin. Effect immediately apparent. 50c a box at all druggists, or send stamp for sample to ALBION CO., 634 Main St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Sold by W. S. ROCKEY, 8th av. & 25th st., 9th av. & 42d st., Broadway & 58th, N. Y. City.

Best Line to Cincinnati and St. Louis—New York Central.